

# BARBARIAN

## COMICS

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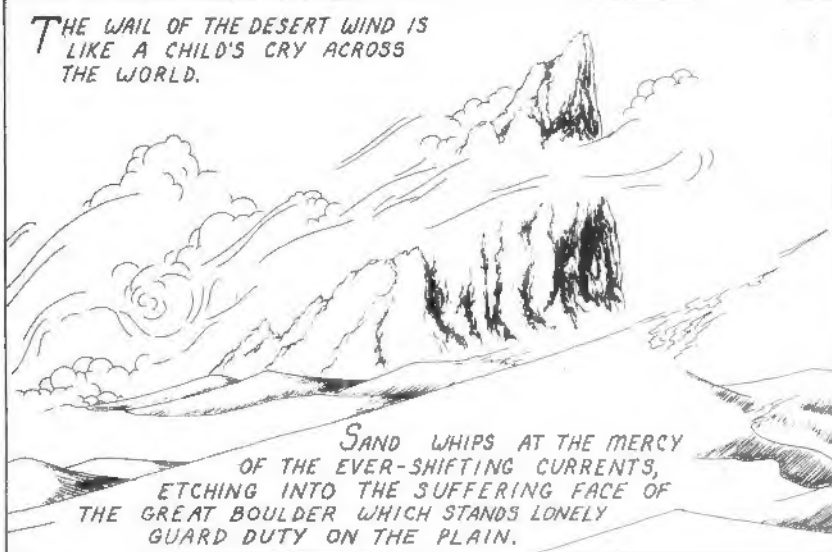


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THE WAIL OF THE DESERT WIND IS  
LIKE A CHILD'S CRY ACROSS  
THE WORLD.



SAND WHIPS AT THE MERCY  
OF THE EVER-SHIFTING CURRENTS,  
ETCHING INTO THE SUFFERING FACE OF  
THE GREAT BOULDER WHICH STANDS LONELY  
GUARD DUTY ON THE PLAIN.

INTO THIS DESERT  
WASTE COMES A  
WANDERER...

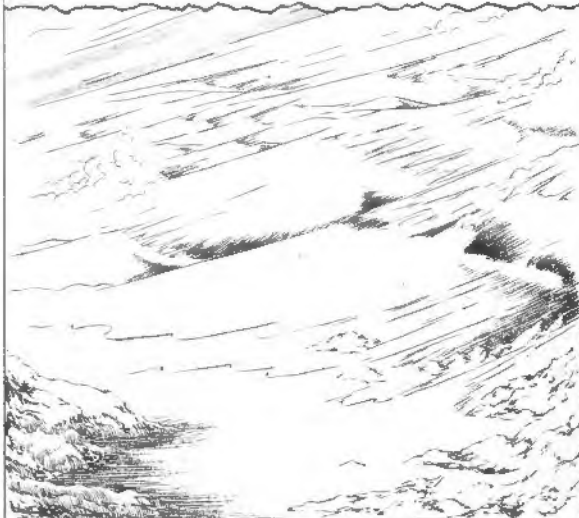


# **TOLAK** OF THE NORTHLANDS.

BLAST ME FOR A  
DOG IF I'LL STAY  
HERE AND DIE  
COWERING!  
I'M NOT  
RIPE FOR  
ODAAN'S  
HARVEST  
YET!



YET EVEN AS TOLAK THRUSTS HIMSELF AGAINST  
THE FULL FURY OF THE SANDSTORM, HE KEEPS  
A WARY EYE ABOUT HIM. FOR HE HAS STRAYED  
SOUTH BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS KIND,  
INTO THE BORDERLANDS OF DREAM-SHROUDED  
AEGYPTIA.



VIGILANCE MAY FAIL,  
HOWEVER, FOR DAN-  
GER CAN HIDE BENEATH  
A WARRIOR'S SANDALED  
FEET.

AN EDIFICE WAS BUILT  
A MANY YEAR'S AGO,  
BY SLAVES WHO WERE  
THEN MURDERED TO  
PROTECT THE SECRET  
OF IT'S LOCATION. THE  
PRIESTS WHO ALONE  
KNEW IT'S WHISPERED  
PURPOSE TOOK THAT  
KNOWLEDGE TO THEIR  
SERPENT-DRAPE  
CRYPTS, AND DRIFTING  
SAND SOON HID THE  
EDIFICE FROM VIEW.

SO IT IS WELL  
SAID THAT  
ANCIENT EVILS  
CAN REACH  
OUT TO A  
WARRIOR...



... AND SWALLOW HIM.





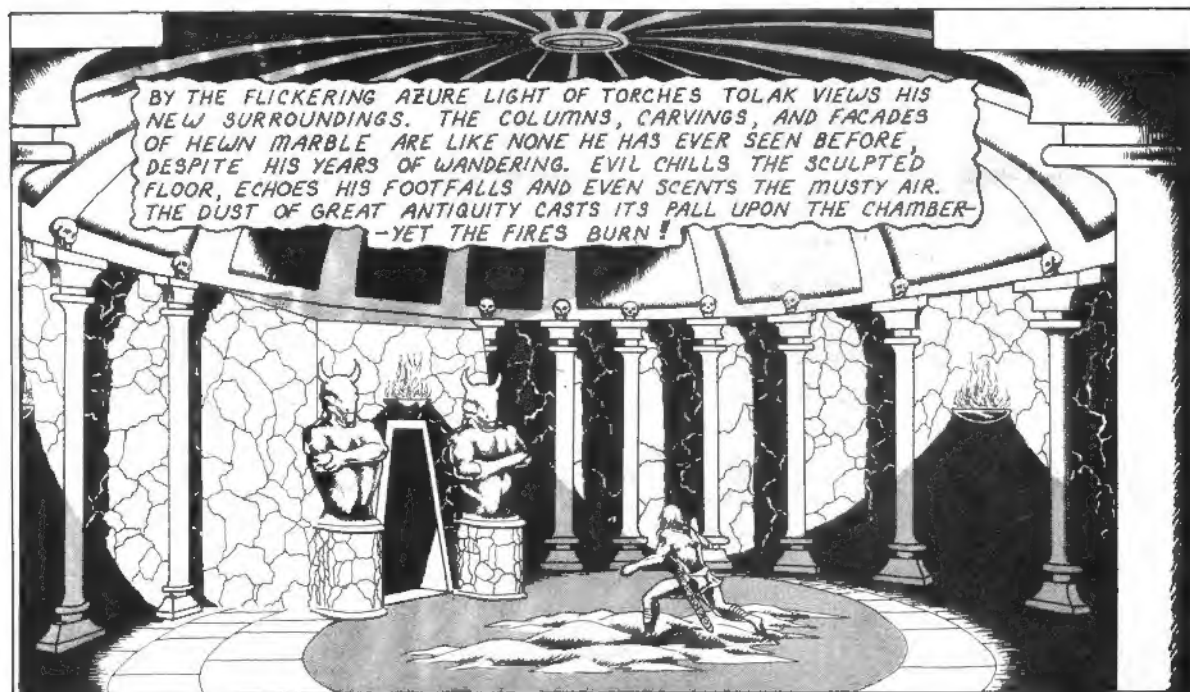
TOLAK FALLS, NOT THROUGH A NATURAL FISSURE, BUT INTO AN ARTIFICE OF MAN. A HIDDEN REALM, OR PERHAPS — A TRAP?



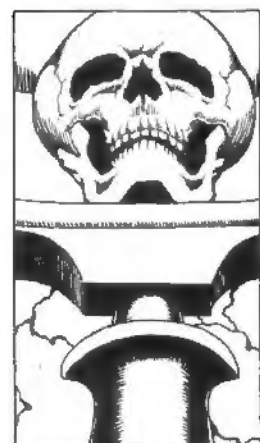
HE LANDS LIKE A CAT, SILENTLY AND WITH FEET SPREAD WIDE TO ABSORB THE SHOCK. SUNLIGHT, SAND AND THE HOWL OF THE STORM ARE BLOTTED OUT AS THE TRAPDOOR CLOSES ABOVE HIM.



A RATHOLE IN THE DESERT, AND A DOOR THAT SHUTS ITSELF—I LIKE THIS **NOT!**



BY THE FLICKERING AZURE LIGHT OF TORCHES TOLAK VIEWS HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS. THE COLUMNS, CARVINGS, AND FACADES OF HEWN MARBLE ARE LIKE NONE HE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE, DESPITE HIS YEARS OF WANDERING. EVIL CHILLS THE SCULPTED FLOOR, ECHOES HIS FOOTFALLS AND EVEN SCENTS THE MUSTY AIR. THE DUST OF GREAT ANTIQUITY CASTS ITS PALL UPON THE CHAMBER—YET THE FIRES BURN!



SKULLS OF STONE, YOU MAY KEEP YOUR MYSTERIES!



I SEEK ONLY A WAY BACK TO THE WORLD OF SUN AND WIND!



**TOLAK!**



THE WOMAN IS FAIR TO LOOK UPON, BUT TOLAK FACES HER WITH THE TIP OF HIS BLADE. HE HAS LEARNED THAT A BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE...

... MAY YET BE PERILOUS.



WHO ARE YOU, WENCH?

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



I AM CALLED IKTEP.

ISIRUS TOLD ME HOW TO PHRASE THE SUMMONS.

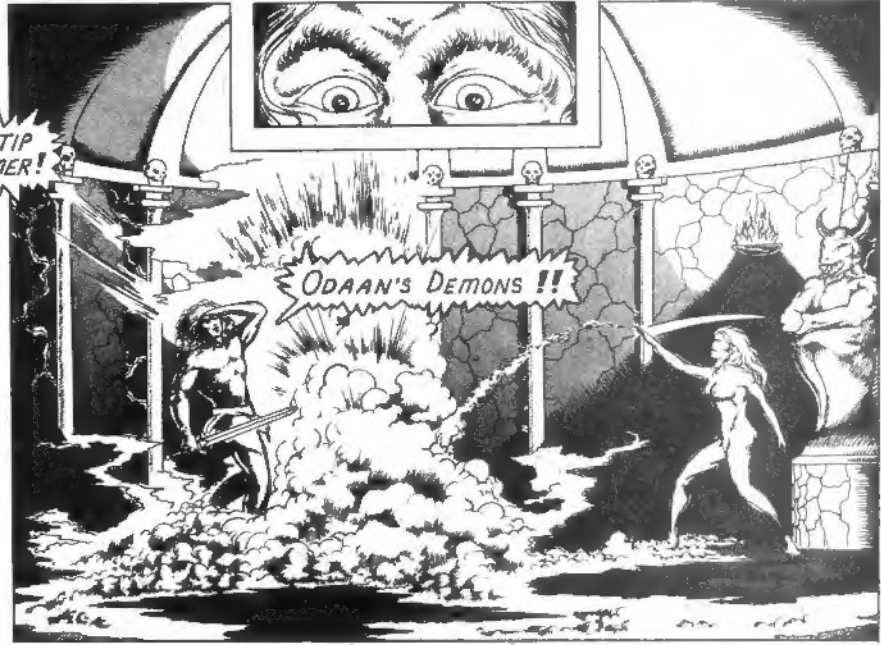
ISIRUS WISHES YOU BROUGHT TO HIM... NOW!



THE HAND OF IKTEP OPENS AND A JEWEL IS REVEALED, AN EAGLE'S EGG OF LAMBERT GOLDEN FIRE. TOLAK RECOILS INSTINCTIVELY FROM THE SORCEROUS GLOW.



TAR ARTIP AMEN MER!



ODAAN'S DEMONS !!

WHERE EMPTY CHAMBER WAS BEFORE, THERE NOW STANDS A SAVAGE WARRIOR GARBED IN GLISTENING LEATHER.



WHAT KIND OF MAGICIAN'S TRICK IS THIS?

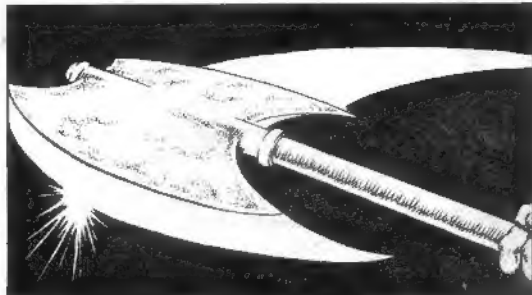
HIS HARNESS BESPEAKS AN EXOTIC ORIGIN; HIS EYES BURN EMBER-RED; HIS WELL-STROPPED AXE SENDS LIGHT-BEAMS DANCING ABOUT THE CHAMBER.



THE AXEMAN DOES NOT UTTER A SOUND, BUT HIS INTENT IS CLEAR ENOUGH.



WE HAVE NO CAUSE FOR COMBAT THAT I KNOW OF, SILENT ONE. BUT SWING THAT TOY IF YOU MUST — AND DIE!



A FAIR STROKE FOR CHOPPING WOOD, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER TO HEW THIS TREE!



THE AXEMAN READIES HIS NEXT SLICE.



THE TROUBLE WITH AN AXE IS THAT IT IS ALL OFFENSE AND...



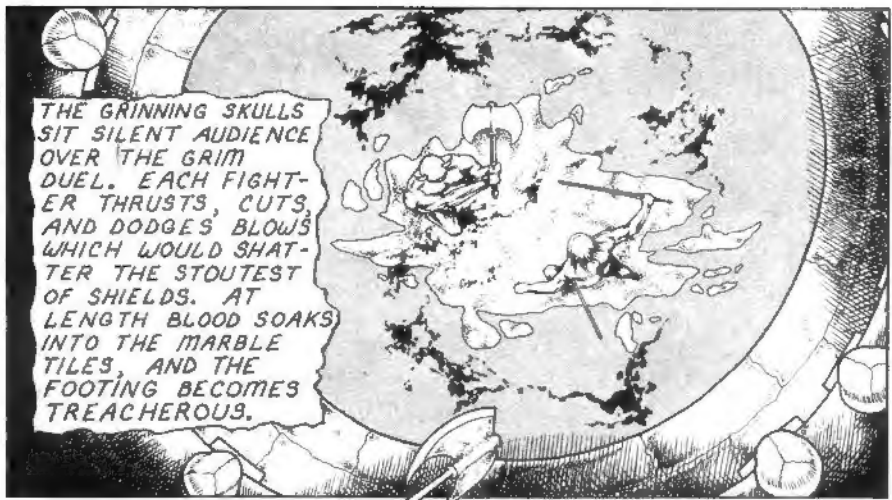
ARRRRGH!!

NO DEFENSE!

BEHOLD THIS DEMON  
THAT BLEEDS! IF  
YOU CAN  
TAKE  
WOUNDS,  
YOU CAN  
ALSO BE  
SLAIN!



THE GRINNING SKULLS  
SIT SILENT AUDIENCE  
OVER THE GRIM  
DUEL. EACH FIGHT-  
ER THRUSTS, CUTS,  
AND DODGES BLOWS  
WHICH WOULD SHAT-  
TER THE STOUTEST  
OF SHIELDS. AT  
LENGTH BLOOD SOAKS  
INTO THE MARBLE  
TILES, AND THE  
FOOTING BECOMES  
TREACHEROUS.



SUDDENLY TOLAK SLIPS! HIS FOE POISES  
OVER HIM, EYES GLEAMING.



YOU ARE  
MIGHTY,  
SILENT ONE,  
BUT NOT TOO  
CUNNING.

ELSE YOU WOULD HAVE  
KNOWN MY STUMBLE  
FOR A TRICK!



AAR



RRRRRR



RRKKKKKK



KKKKKKK





CURSE THIS  
SKULKING  
MYSTERY!  
WHERE  
HAS THE  
WENCH  
GONE?



I'M TIRED AND HUNGRY  
AND THERE IS A DESERT  
GATHERED IN MY THROAT.  
I WANT A TANKARD OF  
ALE, A SOFT PALLET AND  
THAT NAKED SORCESS...



... AND I WILL  
BUTCHER ANY-  
ONE THAT  
TRIES TO STOP  
ME!



TOLAK FINDS HIMSELF IN  
A HALL PALPABLY OPPRES-  
SED BY THE WEIGHT OF  
THE WORLD ABOVE IT.

IKTEP! BLAST YOU,  
WENCH!  
ANSWER ME!



HE COMES TO A ROOM WITH THE DUST  
OF AGES UNDISTURBED UPON IT, BUT  
HE CHOOSES TO LOOK BEYOND ANYWAY.



TOLAK KNOWS NOT WHAT HE FACES—  
SOME UNNAMED HORROR FROM THE  
ELDER DAYS, PERHAPS—YET HE  
FEARS IT AS HE HAS NEVER  
FEARED ANYTHING BEFORE.



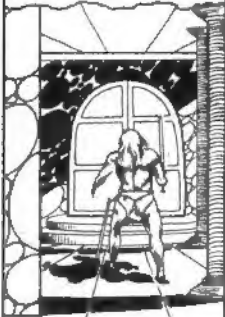
THEN HE SEES THE TREASURE  
IT GUARDS; A SWORD OF  
BRIGHTEST GOLD,

INLAID WITH GEM-STONES.  
HIS BARBARIAN HEART  
HUNGERS FOR IT.



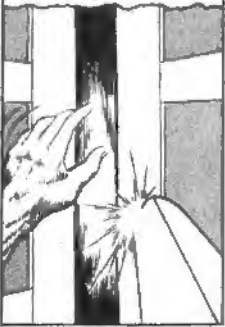
BUT EVEN A BARBARIAN  
CAN SEE WHEN  
THE PRIZE IS NOT  
WORTH THE RISK.

A FEW LONG STRIDES  
BRING TOLAK TO THE  
END OF THE HALL...



AND ANOTHER PORTAL.

BEFORE HE CAN PUSH  
IT OPEN, HOWEVER, IT  
OPENS OF ITS OWN  
VOLITION.



TOLAK STARES IN WONDERMENT AT THE  
VAST, FISSURED CAVERN — AND AT THE  
SERPENTINE ALTAR IN ITS CENTER,  
UPON WHICH IKTEP WRITHES AS THOUGH  
IN THE GRIP OF SOME UNSEEN DEMONIC  
LOVER.



HE TOOK ME! HE IS ONE  
OF THE UNDEAD, THE ETER-  
NAL WALKERS IN SHADOW!

BEWARE HIM,  
OR HE WILL FEED  
ON YOUR SOUL  
AS HE HAS MINE!



NO TIME FOR CRYING —  
WE MUST FETCH SUPPLIES  
AND FLEE. BETTER TO  
FACE THE STORM ABOVE  
THAN REMAIN IN THIS  
MAD REALM.





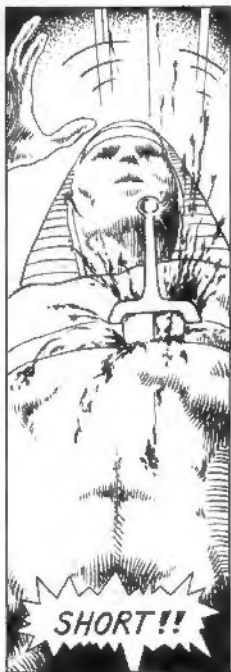
TOLAK FEELS A CHILL OF UNUTTERABLE HORROR, FOR THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS IS CHANGING!



THE FEMININE SPARKLE IS GONE FROM HER EYES, REPLACED BY THE SAVAGE GLEAM OF A HUNTING BEAST.



TOLAK PULLS FREE OF THE UNNATURAL SEDUCTION, BUT THEN...





BUT EVEN A GOD  
CANNOT FIGHT ON  
WITHOUT A HEAD!



TOLAK'S MIGHTY THRUST, HOWEVER,  
IS DEFLECTED WITH ALMOST DIS-  
DAINFUL EASE, AND HIS HORRIFIED  
GAZE DISCERNS THAT THE DIRK-WOUND  
IS ALREADY FULLY HEALED!



I WAS A MASTER OF SWORD-  
PLAY BEFORE YOUR ANCES-  
TORS DESCENDED FROM  
THE TREETOPS!



IKTEP, MEANWHILE, HAS RECOV-  
ERED FROM HER DEMON-SPELL.

FLEE TOLAK! ONLY  
THE BLADE WHICH  
DRANK HIS BLOOD AS  
A NEWBORN MAY  
SLAY HIM  
NOW!



IN TOLAK'S MIND FLASHES THE IMAGE OF A CHAMBER, A GUARDIAN — AND  
A SWORD

RUN, BARBARIAN!  
THE ONLY ESCAPE  
IS PAST ME!

PLEASE, TOLAK,  
TAKE ME WITH  
YOU!



Through corridors  
darkling and thick,  
Tolak seeks vic-  
tory magic



The iron-bound door  
shadows dim, two  
fates,  
death for a god,  
or him.



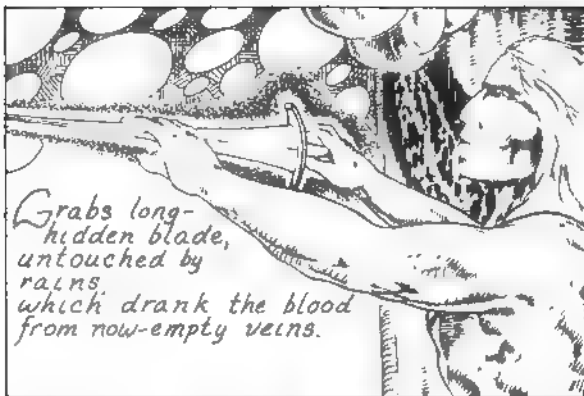
A demon of Surt infernal

guards the scythe of  
thread eternal.

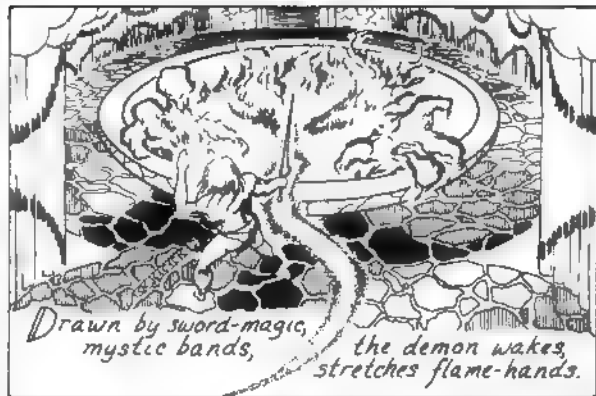


Over fire and fury and hate

he leaps, casting himself at fate.



Grabs long-  
hidden blade,  
untouched by  
rains,  
which drank the blood  
from now-empty veins.



Drawn by sword-magic,  
mystic bands,  
the demon wakes,  
stretches flame-hands.



Then spells to  
match spells,  
steel set to  
fire,

Tolak  
slashes free  
from the pyre.



Heat, pain  
and stench;  
then all  
have been,

beyond the reach of pit-trapped djinn.



Behind the  
brush with  
crimson hell;  
ahead, a  
fight and  
for most  
fell.



For others  
may crooked  
paths roam,  
but Tolak  
seeks the  
straight  
road  
home!



WHY DID  
YOU AID THAT  
NORTHERN LOU,  
MY DEAR?

DO YOU WISH  
TO BE MY SOLE  
SOURCE OF NOUR-  
ISHMENT FOR  
ETERNITY?

TOLAK, I  
PRAY THEE,  
COME BACK!



THEN, ABRUPTLY, TOLAK IS BACK!

NOW PRIEST,  
YOU DIE!



SWORD-MAGIC OR  
NO, I AM STILL  
YOUR MASTER,  
BARBARIAN!



THE DEAD  
MASTER  
NONE!

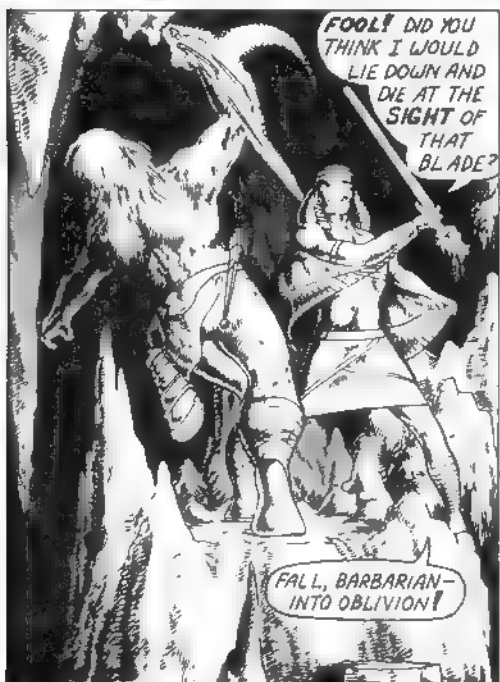
IKTEP CAN ONLY WATCH... AND  
PRAY THAT THIS NORTHERN  
WARRIOR



... CAN DELIVER  
HER FROM THE  
CURSE OF AN  
AGELESS GOD.

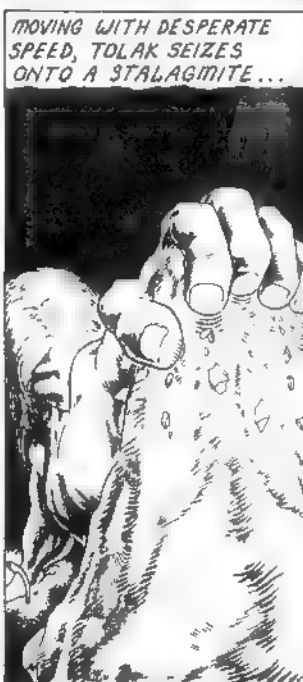


BUT TOLAK NEEDS  
NO CAUSE TO FIGHT  
BEYOND HIS OWN  
RAGING HATRED.



FOOL! DID YOU  
THINK I WOULD  
LIE DOWN AND  
DIE AT THE  
SIGHT OF  
THAT  
BLADE?

FALL, BARBARIAN-  
INTO OBLIVION!



MOVING WITH DESPERATE  
SPEED, TOLAK SEIZES  
ONTO A STALAGMITE...



AND REGAINS THE  
LEDGE

NORTH-  
MEN ARE  
NOT SO  
EASILY  
S. AIN!



GRIM, CONFIDENT; HE SPEAKS NOT. BUT HIS GAZE PROMISES SWIFT, INEVITABLE DEATH.



SUDDENLY...

HIS HEART!

THE SWORD  
MUST  
PIERCE HIS  
HEART!



TRAITOROUS  
BITCH!

FOR THAT YOUR  
SOUL WILL ROAST—



ON THE FIERY  
WHEEL OF RAA  
FOREVER!



NO,  
ISIRUS!



THE WHEEL  
WAITS—



—FOR YOU!!!

FOR LONG SE-  
ONLS, TOLAK  
STANDS. "HE  
HIT HALF  
EXPECTING THE  
PREST TO RISE  
AGAIN.



BUT THE TALE OF ISIRUS IS ENDED. AS TOLAK STARES IN  
AMAZEMENT, THE BODY OF THE MAN-GOD DISSOLVES INTO  
EMERALD FLAME THAT QUICKLY DIES. EVIL VAPORS DISSI-  
PATE AS THOUGH SHUNNED BY THE HEALTHY AIR.



... AND NAUGHT  
REMAINS.



ISH'AAR  
BE PRAISED!



YOU HAVE  
FREED ME  
FROM SUCH A  
BONDAGE AS  
YOU CAN  
NEVER UNDER  
STAND!

TO HELL WITH  
UNDERSTAND-  
ING WENCH!



HELP ME STAUNCH  
MY WOUNDS, THEN  
LEAD ME TO YOUR  
FOOD AND BED.

I HAVE TWO  
MIGHTY HUNGERS TO  
FEED THIS EVE!



# TOLAK OF THE NORTHLANDS

STORY: ERIC VINICOFF  
ART: STEVEN WHITECLOUD

A Tale of Ull, the Viking Raider

# INN OF THE WOLF

**B**LEAK AND DESOLATE IS THE ROAD THROUGH THE VALLEY OF RONARIAM IN THE WINTER. SHELTERLESS SAVE FOR THE LONELY *INN OF THE WOLF*, EVEN NOW BEING SCOUTED BY A DESPERATE, FAMISHED BAND OF SAXON ROVERS.

BUT, WITHIN AN UPPER ROOM, A BLAZING FIRE HEATS THE MASSIVE, NAKED BODY OF THE VIKING, *ULL*, AS HE SPORTS LUSTILY WITH FAIR *GUNILLA*, THE BUXOM DAUGHTER OF THE INNKEEPER.



Story and Art by Anthony Jamison — 1974



**W**ARMER THAN THE DANCING FLAMES IS THE LUST OF THE GREAT WARRIOR AND THE COMELY WENCH! *GUNILLA* WRITHES IN WANTON PASSION. SUDDENLY, HER MOUNTING CRIES OF ORGASM ARE DROWNED BY A MORTAL SCREAM

**AAHGH!**

WELL DOES ULL KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT DIRE CRY! INSTANTLY HE SNATCHES UP HIS GREAT AXE AND NAKED HE HURTLES DOWN UPON THE WILD MARAUDERS.

SAXONS QUAIL BEFORE THE VICIOUS ONSLAUGHT OF THE NAKED FIEND WHO RIPS INTO THEIR MIDST, REAPING HAVOC, SLASHING, SHREDDING SAXONS AS SHAFTS OF WHEAT.

**BORI!**  
(N LADS—AND SLAY  
THIS BERSERKER!

AVE! I'LL SPIT HIS  
FOO'S HEAD!

SPEAKEST OF  
HEADS? RATHER  
LOOK TO THY  
FOOT!

ME FOOT?





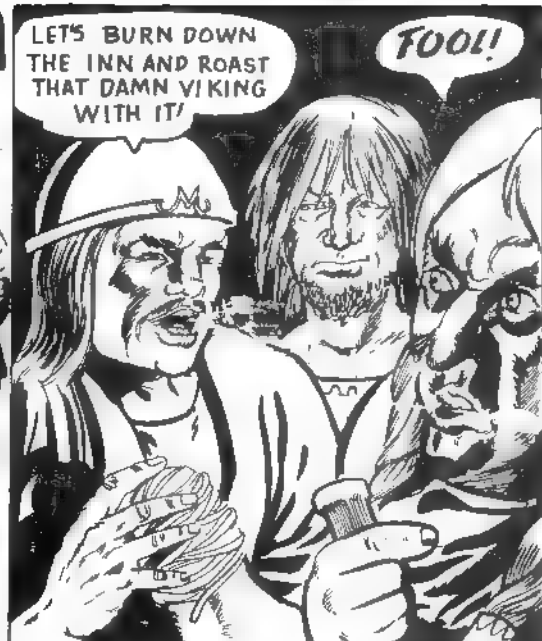
RETREATING FROM THE SAVAGE AXE OF THE VIKING THE SAXONS ARE FORCED OUT INTO THE BITING COLD. ULL SHOVS THE DOOR CLOSED AND BARS IT SHUT. THE SAXONS HACK AND HURL THEMSELVES AT THE STOUT DOOR FURIOUSLY—UNTIL FROM AN UPPER WINDOW, GUNILLA EMPTIES A CAULDRON OF BOILING WATER UPON THEM. THE SCALDED SAXONS FLEE HOWLING INTO THE DARK—SAVE FOR THOSE WHO FALL TO THE CLOTHYARD SHAFTS OF ULL'S HEAVY BOW.





HUDDLING AROUND A TINY FIRE, THE SHIVERING SAXON SURVIVORS ARGUE THEIR NEXT MOVE...

HE'S A VERY DEVIL! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MORE OF US.



LET'S BURN DOWN THE INN AND ROAST THAT DAMN VIKING WITH IT!

FOOL!



YOU'D BURN OUR ONLY HOPE FOR FOOD AND SHELTER? I'VE A PLAN TO DEAL WITH THAT BEAST, FEAR NOT!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE INN

ULL! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING? THOSE SAXONS ARE STILL HERE!



SILENCE WOMAN. POUR MORE WINE.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE DOGS! AH... I HEAR A POLITE KNOCK UPON YON DOOR. IT SEEMS THEY'VE DEVELOPED SOME RESPECT FROM OUR LAST MEETING!



**G**RINNING IN ANTICIPATION OF FURTHER BATTLE, ULL FACES THE SAXON BAND...

WELL DOGS, DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL THE REST OF YOU?

PEACE VIKING, PEACE. WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU.



IN FACT, YOU MAY GO UNMOLESTED... OR IF YOU WOULD FIGHT US... YONDER WENCH'S THROAT SHALL FIRST BE SLIT!

SOP



AYE VIKING! WHILST YE WERE BRAGGING I'VE CREPT UPON AND SIEZED YOUR PRETTY WOMAN!

FIGHT US AND SHE WILL BE FIRST TO DIE!



THAT'S NAUGHT TO ME... BUT YOUR OWN UGLY HEAD WILL BOUNCE ERE HER BLOOD STAINS THE FLOOR!

RELEASE THE WENCH IF YOU'D LIKE TO LIVE... FOR A BIT LONGER.



HEAR **MY** TERMS! YOU MAY HAVE THIS INN... I'LL TAKE THE GIRL, FOOD, HORSES AND DEPART... AND THE HELL WITH YE!

AGREED WARRIOR. AGREED!



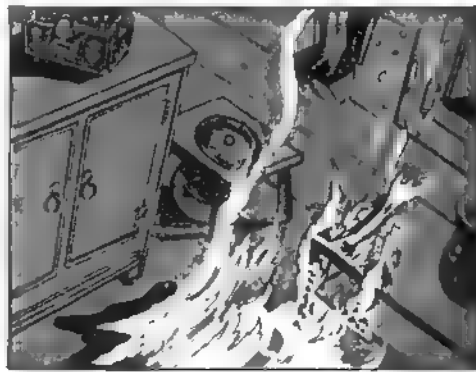
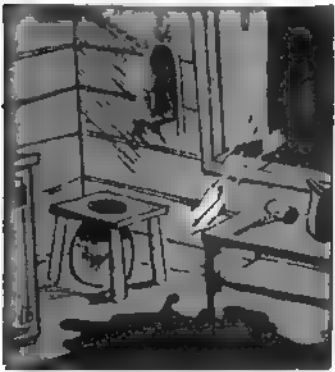
LUCKILY KINDLING A SMALL FIRE, ULL WAITS PATIENTLY AS THE BOISTROUS SOUNDS OF DRUNKEN REVELRY GROW

ULL WHY DON'T WE GO? LET'S FLEE WHILST WE MAY!

COME DAWN, THEY'D EASILY TRACK US IN THIS SNOW YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT THEY INTEND TO LET US LIVE?



HERE WE LEFT I SOAKED MY ROOM IN LAMPOIL AND LEFT AJAR YON PORTAL THOSE DOGS MUST COME OUT THE DOOR WITH FIRE AT THEIR BACKS!

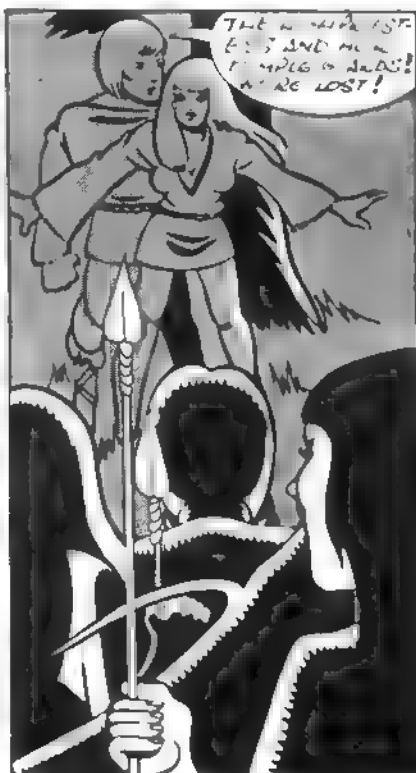


ENTERING THE OPEN WINDOW, ULL'S FIRE-ARROW SOON HAS THE ROOM AND THEN THE WHOLE UPPER STORY FIERCELY ABLAZE. THE CARROUSING DRUNKEN OUTLAWS BELOW ARE UNAWARE OF THEIR PERIL UNTIL THE ROOF BEGINS TO FALL ONTO THEIR BESOTTED HEADS.

IT'S GETTING RATHER CLOSE IN HERE. SHALL WE GO WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE?

HERE... WHAT'S THIS? SOMETHING BURNING? CAN THE PLACE BE AFIRE?







NO MORTAL WOMAN CAN LIVE DORN NOW! HE'S PROMISED TO THE GODDESS FOR A YEAR!

AND KILLED AFTER THE YEAR IS UP!



DARRIN ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE ONE OF OUR BEST WARRIOR WOMEN. DO I NOT CAST YOU FROM THE TRIBE! INSTEAD I SEND YOU TO HAGGIS, CRONE OF THE WOOD!



...THEY SAY HAGGIS DWELLS HEREIN AND THAT HERE SHE HAS ALWAYS DWELT! ALSO THAT SHE SPEAKS WITH THE GODDESS!

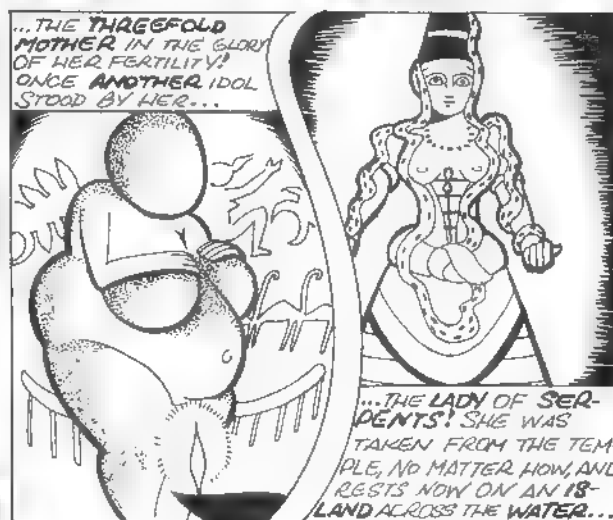


GOOD MORROW CHILD, FEAR NOT HAGGIS! AM I NOT GRANNY OF ALL CREATURES THAT DWELL IN THE FOREST? I KNOW THE BOON YOU CRAVE GIRL! COME...



INSIDE THE CAVE...

INSIDE OUR TEMPLE STANDS A STATUE...



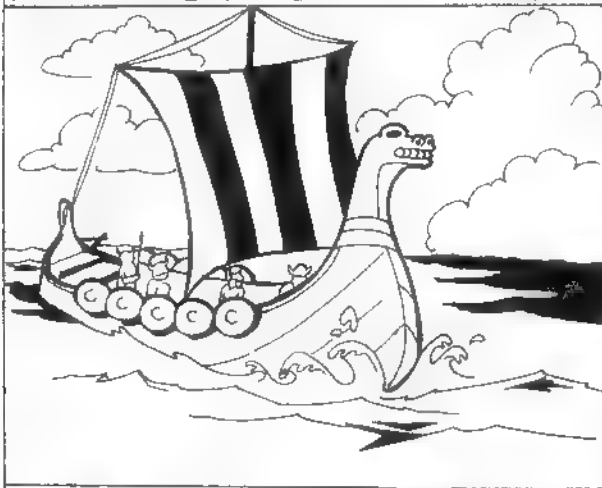
...THE THREEFOLD MOTHER IN THE GLORY OF HER FERTILITY! ONCE ANOTHER IDOL STOOD BY HER...

...THE LADY OF SERPENTS! SHE WAS TAKEN FROM THE TEMPLE, NO MATTER HOW, AND RESTS NOW ON AN ISLAND ACROSS THE WATER...





FAIR WINDS PUSH THE SHIP TOWARDS AN ISLAND SOMEDAY TO BE KNOWN AS CRETE...



WE NEAR LAND! IS IT HERE THAT I SHALL FIND THE LADY OF SERPENTS?



DESTINATION REACHED...



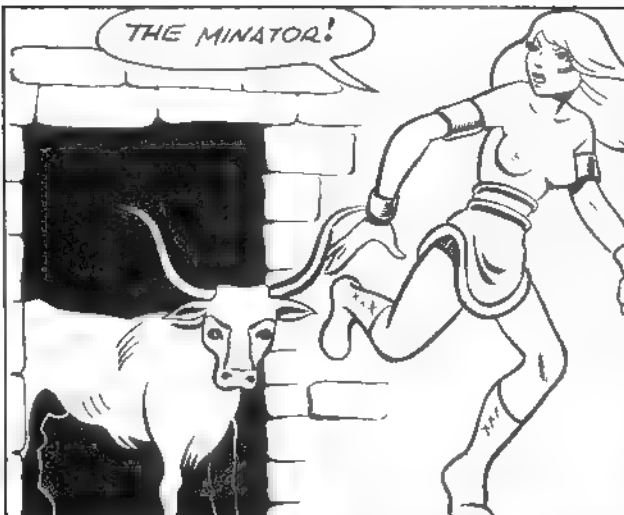
THE GODDESS I SEEK!



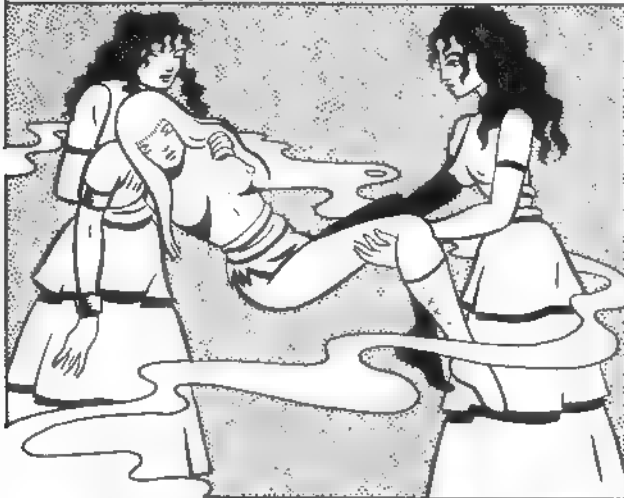




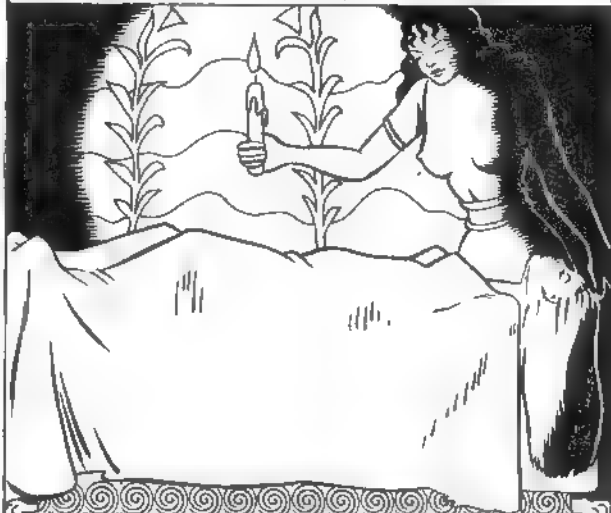
THE MINATOR!



THROUGH A RED HAZE, DARRIN IS DIMLY AWARE OF BEING CARRIED AWAY...



AND PLACED GENTLY ON A COUCH...

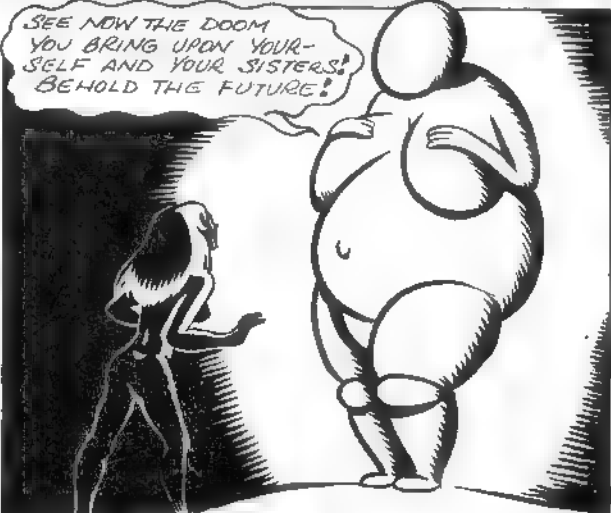


PENETRATING THE HAZE, A VOICE...



DARRIN!  
IT IS I, THE THREE-  
FOLD GODDESS,  
THE GREAT MOTHER.  
HEAR ME...

SEE NOW THE DOOM  
YOU BRING UPON YOUR-  
SELF AND YOUR SISTERS!  
BEHOLD THE FUTURE!

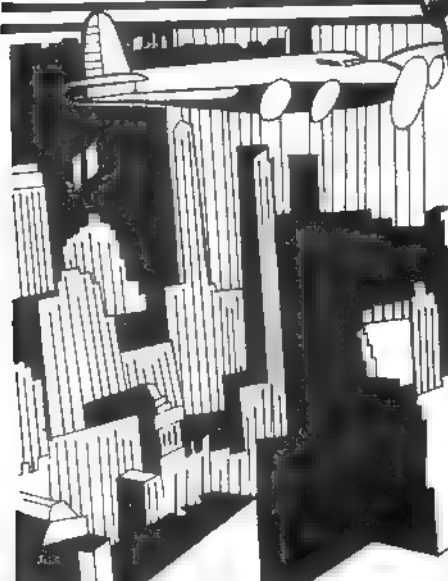


YOURS IS BUT THE FIRST STEP IN THE  
CRUMBLING OF MY POWER... SOON  
THE MEN WILL CONQUER, INSTALLING  
MALE GODS AND ENSLAVING WO-  
MEN... WE SHALL BECOME PROPERTY...

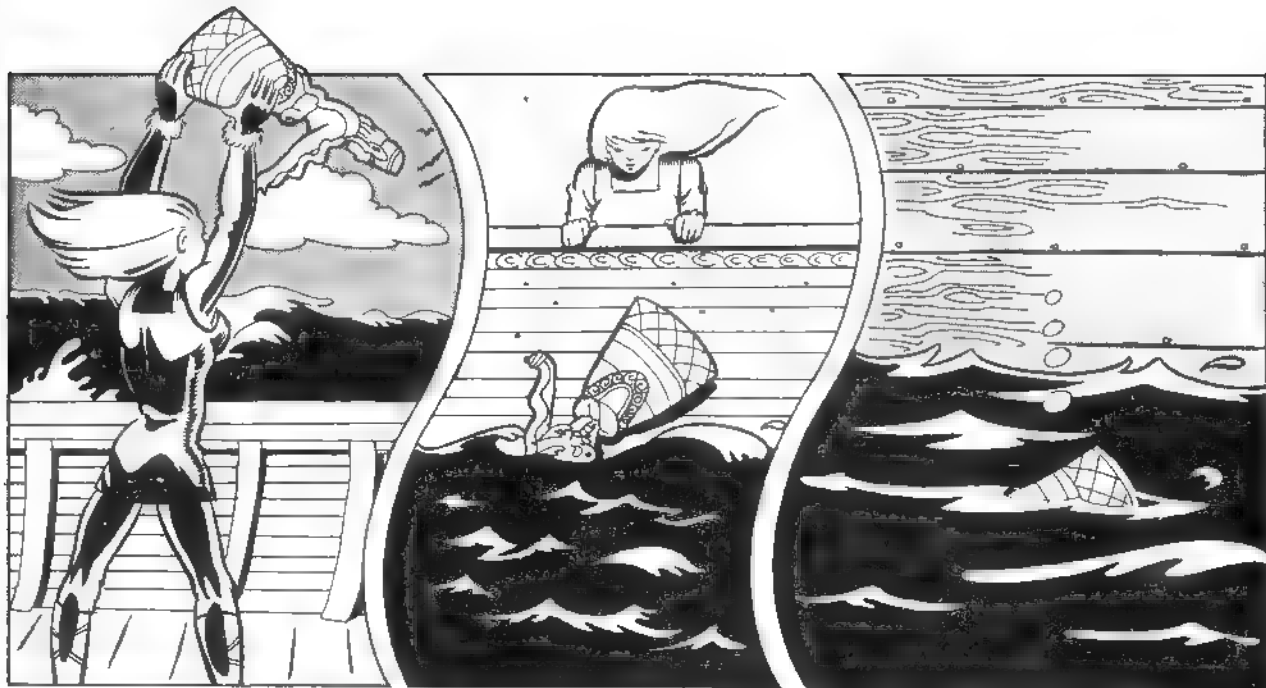
AND THE DAY WILL COME WHEN THE WORLD IS UNDER  
THE TIRALL OF A STERN FATHER GOD WHO FORBIDS  
PLEASURES AND THREATENS NONBELIEVERS  
WITH ETERNAL TORMENT...



MEN WILL LOSE RESPECT FOR THE EARTH,  
THEIR MOTHER, AND RAPE HER  
FORESTS, HER WATERS, HER MINERALS...







HISTORICAL NOTE: ON AUGUST 17, 1939, AN NORY STATUETTE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, STILL BEARING TRACES OF COLOR, WAS FOUND OFF THE COAST OF CRETE BY A YOUNG NATIVE BOY DIVING FOR GRUNION.

# WE GOT COMICS!

COMIC COLLECTOR  
SHOP

ALL KINDS COMICS!!  
OLD & NEW COMICS!!  
UNDERGROUND COMICS!!  
WHOLESALE! RETAIL!!

BOB SIDEBOTTOM

73 E. SAN FERNANDO

SAN JOSE' CA 95113 • 287-2254





# PROLOGUE

YOU ASK ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED?  
I'LL TELL YOU, HELLSPAWN! AFTER YOU  
LEFT BARON JOHNN AND I TO OUR  
DUEL, I RAN HIM THROUGH THE  
THROAT WITH FORCE THAT DROVE MY  
BLADE DEEP INTO YONDER WALL!

I LEFT HIM HANGING THERE AND WENT  
TO SEARCH OUT OINTMENTS FOR MY  
LILA'S WOUNDS... AND WHEN I RE-  
TURNED... WHEN I RETURNED...  
JOHNN WAS GONE AND LILA LAY ON  
THE FLOOR, KILLED WITH MY SWORD!

NOW LEAVE ME, THAT I  
MIGHT FIND WITHIN THE  
COURAGE TO JOIN HER...

NO! YOU  
CAN NOT!



WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT?

THE ONE WHOSE BODY YOU HOLD SO CLOSE GAVE ME THE RIGHT!

THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...

YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY CREATURE TO SUFFER FROM JOHN'S CRUELTY.

HE DECIMATED MY RACE AND MADE US SLAVES, UNTIL SHE CAME...

WHO GAVE YOU YOUR COURAGE...

I KNOW A PLACE...

AND ME MY KINDNESS.

AND SHOWED US THE COURAGE TO LIVE LIFE AGAIN, NO MATTER HOW HARD IT MIGHT BE?

VERY WELL, DEMON...

COME?

LET US FIND A FITTING PLACE FOR THE LAST RITES OF THIS GENTLE WOMAN...

LATER, high atop  
a tower of  
stone, the demons  
help Cron build a  
pyre for his belov-  
ed Lila ..



THEY watch him  
put a torch to  
the dry wood and  
then they leave..



FOR they, unlike  
most men, know  
that there are times  
when words cannot  
define the loss...



# AUTUMN EVENING



I WARNED YOU, YOU OVERSTUFFED TOAD, BUT YOU WOULDN'T KEEP QUIET? NOW, YOU'LL PAY...

NO, TOM! DON'T DO IT! HE DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER?

NO, TOM, LISTEN TO CHIMO, MARIE WOULD DIE WITHOUT YOU, AND YOU KNOW IT!

NO? BY THE HOLY ORM, NO?

PLEASE...

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO MARIE IF YOU GET THROWN INTO JAIL??

I'M NOT LISTENING, CHIMO? HE'S GONNA DIE?

SAY YOUR PRAYERS MISTER—YOU'LL NEED THEM!

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, JACK?

NOTICE HOW I RE-SEAT HIM WITH NO HARM?

OOOOOF?

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU THWICE CURSED ASS?

MISTER, YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF LUCK...

DON'T PUSH IT!

NOW THEN, JACK, LET'S GET BACK TO OUR DISCUSSION? IF BARON CROM IS GOOD AS YOU THINK, HOW DOES HE EXPLAIN COLLECTING TAXES FOR DEFENCE AND THEN GOING AND SETTING UP THAT DRINKED STATUE OF A NUDE GIRL?

IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN THAT, SINCE I OWN THIS INN AND RUN IT, I HAVE A KNACK WITH FIGURING. SO, WHEN HE FIRST BECAME BARON, CROM HAD ME GO OVER JOHN'S STORES OF VALUABLES...

WANTED TO TAKE IT BACK, BUT HE WANTED NOT TO SHORT CHANGE US WHEN HE DID? WELL, I FIGURED OUT THAT HE HAD A HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOLD COMING TO HIM?

ANG? YOU HAVE AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING? SATYR'S NIGHT IS JUST TWO DAYS AWAY, SO LET'S START TO WARM UP FOR IT?



I KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, THOMAS.



JOHN HAD STOLEN SOME GOLD FROM CROM, AND CROM...



I THINK THAT IS WHAT PAID FOR THE STATUE?



MAY I PROPOSE A TOAST? YES? THEN—

"HERE'S TO OUR PROTECTOR, BARON CROM—AND HIS BLESSED STATUE..."



YOU KNOW THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT MY DRYAD SISTERS HAD GIVEN BARON JONN A POTION TO MAKE HIS WOUNDS HEAL ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY SO HE'D SET ME FREE, CROM?

YES, I KNOW THAT, SO?

SO, WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO?

HATE YOU? WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA, XANTHIA?

WELL...

YOU KNOW MY REASONS. THE DEMONS BELIEVE THAT JONN WILL STRIKE AT ME ON THE ANIVERSARY OF

OUR FIRST BATTLE... SATYR'S NIGHT!

IF YOU DO NOT HATE ME WHY'D YOU TURN DOWN MY INVITATION TO SPEND SATYR'S NIGHT TOGETHER?

(AND I MUST BE READY...)

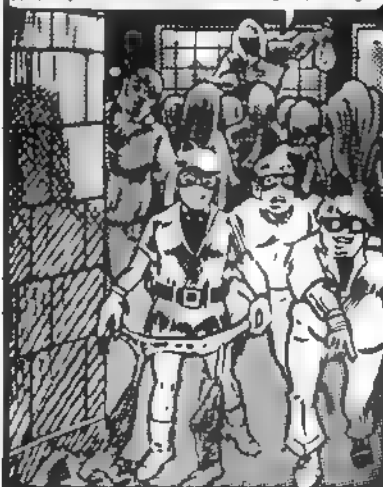
FOR JONN MUST DIE SO I MAY LIVE ONCE AGAIN!

# SATYR'S NIGHT

ATTENTION, PEOPLE OF MERRIWEATHER! BARON CROM COULD NOT BE WITH US TONITE, BUT HE ASKED ME TO READ THIS SHORT SPEECH FOR HIM. IT SAYS: "IN ANCIENT TIMES WHEN...

WEALTH ABOUNDED, MEN WOULD GIVE OTHER MEN GIFTS OF SILVER AND GOLD. BUT NOW WE KNOW OUR TRUE TREASURES ARE OURSELVES, HENCE WE GIVE OURSELVES FREELY...

ON SATYR'S NIGHT, I GIVE YOU GOLD ENOUGH FOR FREE WINE AT THE INN UNTIL DAWN, AND I GIVE YOU THIS ORDER: LET NO ONE'S WILDEST FANTASY GO UNFULFILLED!" GO TO IT!



THIS IS SATYR'S NIGHT, THE ONE NIGHT IN THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE WHEN IT SEEMS NO MAN WOULD BE ALONE, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO SHARE THIS COLD NIGHT WITH NO OTHER...

BY CHOICE...

BY CHANCE...

OR DESTINY...

AND THERE IS ONE OTHER...

WHO IS MORE THAN ALONE...

THOMAS, WHAT IS ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM TOWN?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU, MARIE? IT'S SATYR'S NIGHT?

TOM! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT...

SATYR'S NIGHT.

TOM, YOU SHOULD BE OUT THERE SLEEPING WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

BUT I WILL SLEEP WITH A BEAUTY.

AS SOON AS YOU'RE READY FOR BED?

WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT HORROR HIDES BENEATH MY VEIL?

PERHAPS I CAN SAY IT BECAUSE I RECALL THAT FIVE YEARS AGO...

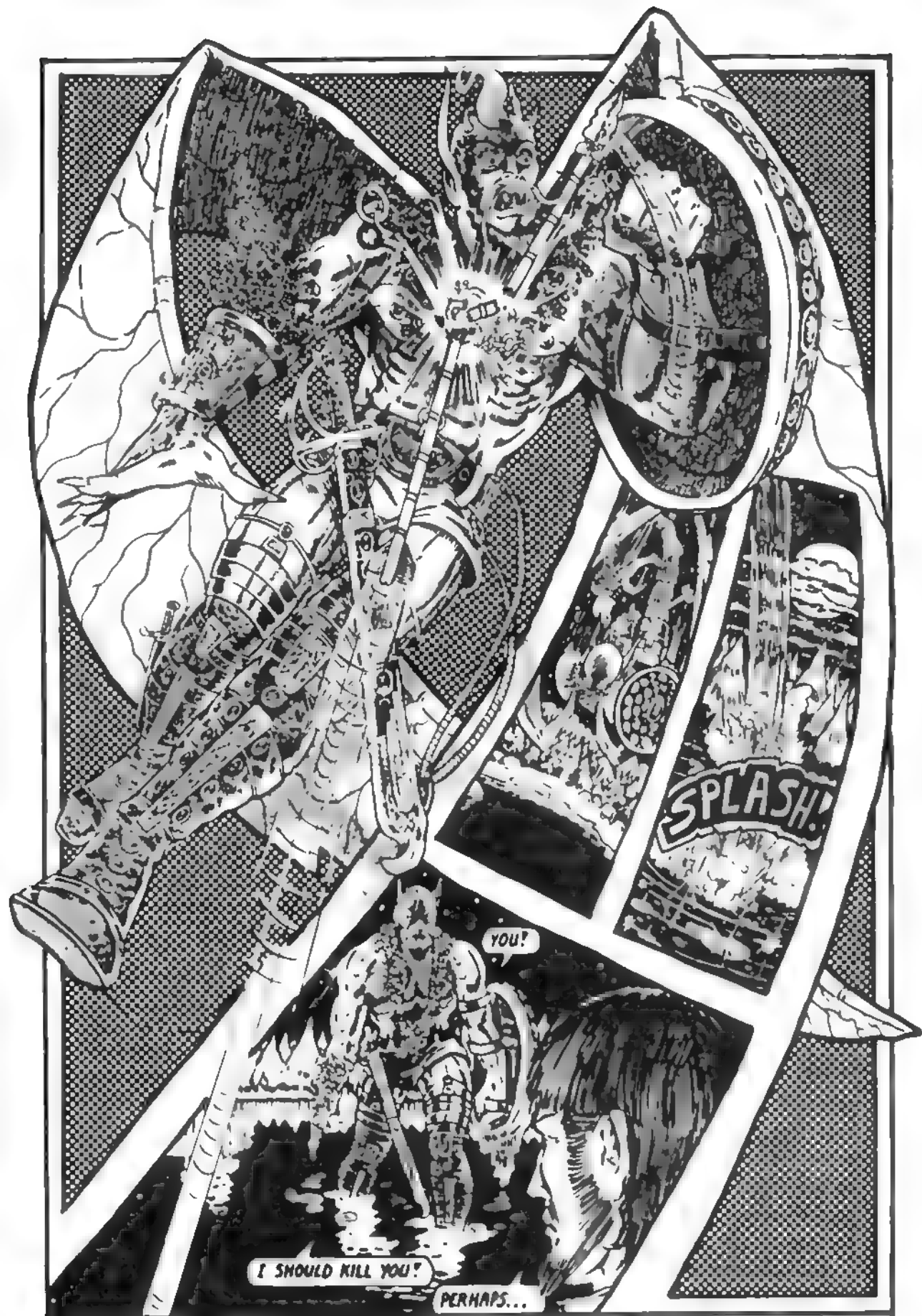
SO LET'S GO TO BED AND CELEBRATE THIS NIGHT?

OH, TOM...

SOMETIMES....

TO THIS VERY EVE, WHEN WE FIRST MET, I TOLD YOU, 'YOUR TRUE BEAUTY LIES INSIDE.'

WHILE ELSEWHERE...



PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD KILL  
ME...

BUT FIRST,  
HEAR ME  
OUT!

BARI, FETCH MY GIFT FOR  
MY OLD FRIENDS, THE DE-  
MONS...

IMMEDIATELY,  
BARON JONN!

SECONDS  
LATER...

SO SAID I, WHEN I  
FOUND HER, WHILE RUM-  
AGING FOR WEAPONS  
IN THE ANCIENT CITY.

BUT SHE'S REAL  
AND YOURS—FOR  
A SLIGHT FAVOR?

WHAT TREASON DO  
YOU ASK OF ME,  
JONN?

IT CANNOT BE?

NO ACT OF  
TREASON!

YOU FORGET THAT I AM BARON  
BY BIRTH...

AND CROM  
IS THE  
USURPER!

NOW, IF YOU WANT THIS  
LAST DEMONESS...

"ALL YOU NEED DO IS TELL CROM  
THAT I'M ONE KILO FARTHER AWAY  
THAN I AM, AND THAT MY CAMP  
IS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION  
FROM ITS TRUE LOCATION."

SO SPEAKS JONN...

THEN, JONN ASKS  
THE DEMON TO  
LEAVE AND  
DECIDE...

AND NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO  
CHOOSE LOVE AND CONTINUATION  
OF HIS RACE OR FREEDOM FOR  
ALL FROM JONN'S RULE, HE GOES.

JONN, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE  
LET THE DEMON GO? I KNOW WE

OUTNUMBER CROM'S  
FORCES, BUT  
WHAT HAPPENS  
IF HE WARNS  
CROM...

AND CROM EVENS UP  
THE ODDS BY GET-  
TING THE VILLAGERS  
TO FIGHT FOR HIM!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY,  
BARI...

TOM BYRNE AND HIS FRIENDS  
WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO'D  
DEFY ME, AND WHEN I BROKE  
HIM, I BROKE ALL THE OTHERS!

I HOPE SO, JONN. I HOPE SO...

ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE FOOT OF CROM'S STATUE.

BARON JONN IS  
ADVANCING ON US  
EVEN NOW...

AND HIS ARMY  
OUTNUMBERS OURS  
GREATLY! TO BE HONEST, WITHOUT YOUR HELP,  
THERE IS NO HOPE OF MY DEFEATING JONN!

SO TONITE, YOU'LL  
HAVE TO CHOOSE  
YOUR FUTURE—BY  
SITTING BACK...

AND LET-  
TING JONN  
WIN...

OR BY JOINING  
ME IN A FIGHT  
FOR FREEDOM!

A HUSH FALLS ON  
THE GATHERING.

SUDDENLY, THE TERRIBLE SILENCE IS BROKEN...

I GO WITH  
BARON  
CROM!

MY HOME BEARS  
JONN'S MARK—IF WE  
ALLOW HIM TO RETURN  
HOW MANY OF YOURS  
WILL? NOW, TELL THE  
BARON YOUR CHOICE!

THE DEMON WATCHES AND  
WONDERS IF HE MADE THE  
CORRECT DECISION IN  
TELLING CROM THE  
TRUTH ABOUT JONN.

WHO  
CAN BLAME HIM FOR  
THINKING WISTFUL-  
LY OF THE  
SHE DEMON...

THINKING  
OF HER  
LITHE  
FORM...

AND NOT THE  
MADNESS IN  
HER EYES?

HER  
CRYSTAL  
WINGS...

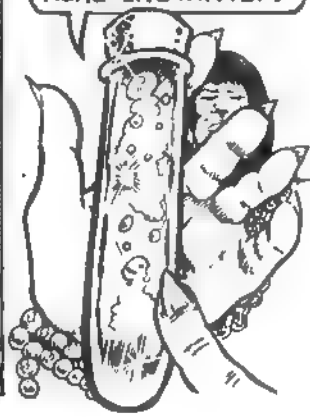
YOU HAVE YOUR ARMY, CROM!  
LEAD US TO THE ARMORY!



AT THE ARMORY... CROM! PRAISE ORM  
YOU'RE STILL HERE!

WHAT, XANTHIA?

I CAME TO GIVE YOU  
THIS! IT'S THE SAME  
POTION WE GAVE JONN.  
IT WILL MAKE ANY  
INJURIES YOU GET  
HEAL INSTANTLY!



XANTHIA, PLEASE TRY TO UNDER-  
STAND... I CAN'T TAKE IT!  
THESE MEN ARE GOING TO RISK  
THEIR LIVES BATTLING JONN,  
AND I CANNOT RISK ANY  
LESS AND STILL BE A  
MAN!



I UNDER-  
STAND, CROM.

MORNING.



'IN THE GOLDEN  
GARDEN BIRD OF  
PEACE...

'STANDS THE SILVER  
GIRL, THE WILD  
JEWEL'S NIECE...

'PAINTS IN PRETTY  
COLOURS CHILDREN'S  
DRAWINGS ON THE  
WALL...



'ROOK OF  
DOUBT...

'I CAST YOU  
OUT...



'BEGONE YOUR  
RAGGED CALL...



'IN THE FOREST THICK  
A TRICK OF LIGHT...



'MAKES AN IMAGE  
MAGNET TO MY SIGHT...



'GOWN OF PURPLE  
VELVET...

'ENCHANTED, GLAZED EYE...



'A SOUND OF  
WINGS...



'AND SPARKLING  
RINGS...

# BEHOLD THE CRIMSON SKY

THE BATTLE RAGES THRU DAY INTO NITE AND INTO DAY AGAIN. AND ALWAYS...

AT THE FORE, BLADE WHIS-  
TELLING...

FIGHTING FOR LIFE AND VEN-  
GEANCE AND FREEDOM...

IS CROM! INVINCIBLE-A  
TERROR TO HIS FOES!





DO YOU DEMONS HAVE THE BOXES I GAVE YOU?

YES...

BUT I DON'T SEE WHY...

YOU GAVE US THEM?

NO? WELL, WHEN I CATCH JONN, THEIR PURPOSE WILL BECOME PERFECTLY CLEAR! SO, LET'S GO GET HIM!

THIS IS IT, JONN, WE'VE LOST...

YES, I KNOW THAT, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK, BARI.

YOU THINK THAT IF I HADN'T BEEN A COWARD-AFRAID TO SHOW MY FACE - THE BATTLE WOULD HAVE GONE IN OUR FAVOR? LET ME TELL YOU, BARI...

I CURSE THE DAY I TOOK THE DRYAD'S POTION! IT MADE ME ALMOST UNKILLABLE - ALMOST IMMORTAL!?

AND NOW...

SOMEHOW...

I CAN'T BEAR TO RISK LOSING IT!



**OK, JOHNN!**

MINUTES LATER...

[illegible]

**NO!**

**NO, JONN!**

**YOU CAN'T  
LEAVE ME!**

DEMON! JONN'S IN  
THAT THING-STOP  
HIM!

IT WON'T WORK,  
CROM...

WHATEVER IT IS,  
THAT THING IS  
TOO FAST FOR  
ANY OF US!

THEN IT'S OVER. WE'VE WON  
BUT JONN ESCAPES UN-  
HARMED...

PERHAPS NOT—IF  
YOU'LL TAKE THIS  
SCABBARD...

AND GENTLY  
TWIST THE  
SECOND STONE!

I'VE DONE AS YOU SAID, DEMON. NOW WHAT?

**THINK OF JONN  
AND WAIT? WHEN MY  
FATHER'S GRANDFATHER  
WAS A YOUTH, OUR RACE  
WAS NOTED FOR BEING  
CRAFTSMEN, AND THIS IS  
ONE OF THEIR CREATIONS?**



CRAFTSMEN? NO. THE DEMONS' ANCESTORS WERE MAGICIANS!

MICROTHIN BITS OF GOLD TELESCOPE AND TRANSFORM...

UNTIL CROM NO LONGER HOLDS A GEM STUDDED SCABBARD...

BUT A GIANT SCREAMING GOLDEN BIRD!

AND EVEN MORE MAGICALLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TOO MANY YEARS...

A DEMON LAUGHS.

LAUGHS LOUD AND LONG AT CROM'S AMAZEMENT OVER THE TRANSFORMATION...

AND KNOWS HE MADE A GOOD CHOICE BY SIDING WITH THIS MAN.

BY THE GREAT ORM!

THE GIANT METAL BIRD EFFORTLESSLY LIFTS CROM INTO THE AIR IN PURSUIT OF JONN...

WHAT TO-

I DON'T KNOW...

WHERE THAT OAF GOT THAT FLYING THING...

BUT IF HE GETS CLOSER, HE'S GOOD AS DEAD!



WHILE TRAILING BEHIND...

HURRY, WE'VE GOT TO STAY CLOSE!

CROM NEEDS THE BOXES WE CARRY TO DEFEAT JONN!

AND ON THE GROUND...

JACK-LOOK UP IN THE SKY!

GET TOM, CHINO, I'LL GET THE OTHERS!

WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THOSE THINGS!

HA! THAT FOOL, EVEN IF HIS DAGGER COULD HIT ME, THE CUT WOULD HEAL IN A SECOND!

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THROWING THAT, MISTER...

EVEN BROKEN BONES HEAL IN MINUTES!

BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER DO!

REALLY, JONN? THE BLADE BOUNCES OFF THE PLEXIGLASS BUBBLE OF THE HELICOPTER AND CUTS A THIN CABLE?

NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

**SWAP!**

WHY AM I SO SCARED?  
IF I CRASH IN THE  
FOREST, THE TREES WILL  
CUSHION MY FALL AND  
I'LL WALK AWAY AND  
CROM AND THE OTHERS  
WON'T EVER FIND ME!

THEN I'LL BE  
HOME FR—

THAT STATUE!  
THAT DAMNED  
STATUE!

I CAN'T BE-  
LIEVE IT!

THE MACHINE IS  
DEMOLISHED, BUT  
I STILL LIVE!

NOW NOTHING  
CAN STOP ME!

NOTHING  
AT...

CRASH!!



THE IMPACT OF THE FALLING STATUE DRIVES JONN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THEN, SOME TIME LATER, A DISTANT CHOPPING SOUND INVADDES HIS MURKY MIND, DRAGGING HIM BACK TO REALITY...

AH, I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO, JONN! NOW YOU CAN SEE HOW LILA'S STATUE HAS AVENGED HER DEATH...

BY TRAPPING YOU UNTIL I COULD—UH—

CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE A BIT!

JONN SCREAMS A HIDEOUS AIR-LESS SCREAM.

NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU YOUR NEW HOME! DEMON, BRING THE LAST BOX OVER HERE!

THE REST OF YOUR BODY, AS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED, HAS ALREADY BEEN CHOPPED INTO PIECES AND PUT INTO THE BOXES THE OTHER DEMONS CARRY. AND JUST TO BE SURE YOU DON'T GROW A NEW BODY, LIKE THE DRIMBS THOUGHT YOU MIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE SOME COMPANY IN THERE.

YOU SHOULD LIKE THEM, JONN, THEY'RE YOUR OWN KIND!

RATS.

THEN THE LID CLICKS SHUT...

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BOXES, CROM, BUT NOW, WELL, WE HAVE NOT FOUND A TRACE OF THE DEMONESS...

SAY NO MORE—I WISH YOU LUCK WITH YOUR SEARCH, MY FRIEND.

IT'S OVER, LILA...

IT'S FINALLY OVER.

HE'D FOUND THE KEY... BUT SOME KEYS UNLOCK MORE THAN ONE DOOR...!

# WRONG EXIT!

**F**IVE YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE I'D LAST HEARD FROM WILLIAM FLYNN... OH, WE WROTE TO ONE ANOTHER FOR AWHILE, BUT HIS RESEARCH SEEMED TO TAKE HIM TO TRACKLESS, OBSCURE AREAS OF THE EARTH, WHERE OUR COMMUNICATIONS EVENTUALLY FAILED ALTOGETHER. THIS SURPRISED ME; FOR, THO' HE HAD BEEN SHY AND SECRETIVE TOWARDS EVERYONE ELSE AT THE UNIVERSITY, HE WOULD AT TIMES CONFIDE IN ME, PERHAPS BECAUSE WE WERE BOTH WORKING ON OUR PH.D'S AT THE TIME. MORE LIKELY IT WAS BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE THOUGHT HE WAS NUTS—YOU KNOW, HIS INTEREST IN THE OCCULT, TALKING ABOUT "THE ARTS OF THE ELDER GODS" OR "THE ALIEN SCIENCES." UNLIKE THE OTHERS, I HUMORED HIM INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THO' I PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO HIS ODD IDEAS FOR HE WAS A GENIUS IN PHYSICS DESPITE IT ALL...

THEN, AFTER ALL BUT FORGETTING HIM, THERE CAME A TELEGRAM!...

HMM! 'GAYS HERE, "MUST TALK WITH YOU—NEED YOUR HELP!"

?? "MEET ME AT THE ECHO INN—11:30 P.M... TOMORROW NITE... PLEASE COME... W.FLYNN!"

CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF ME. THE NEXT NIGHT FOUND ME IN A RUNDOWN PIVE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, EXCITEDLY TALKING WITH MY FORMER COLLEAGUE OVER CHEAP WINE...

NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOU'RE SUGGESTING YOU'VE PERFECTED SOME SORT OF TELEPORTATION DEVICE? WHY, MODERN SCIENCE HAVN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE INFORMATION YET TO...



EXACTLY!

ONE MUST LOOK  
ELSEWHERE FOR  
THE ANSWERS...

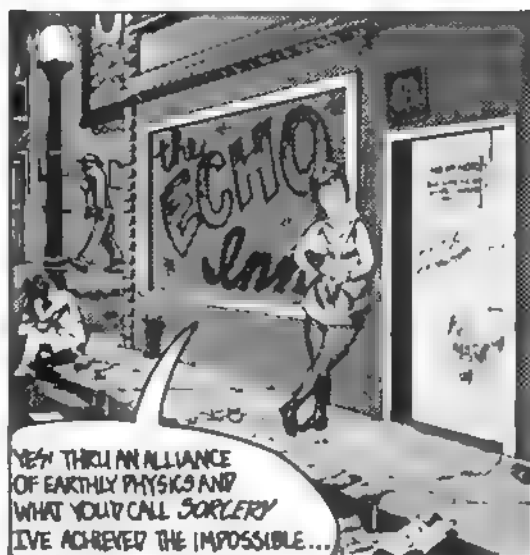


TO SOURCES  
LINKDOWN AS  
YET TO "MODERN  
PAY SCIENCE!"

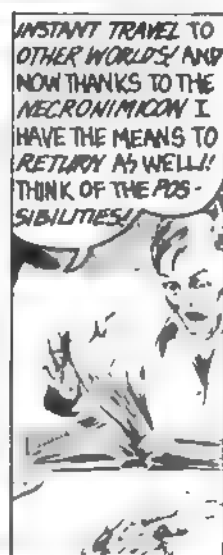


THIS  
SOURCE?

WHA? THE  
NECRONIMICON!!



YES! THRU AN ALLIANCE  
OF EARTHLY PHYSICS AND  
WHAT YOU'D CALL SORcery  
I'VE ACHIEVED THE IMPOSSIBLE...



INSTANT TRAVEL TO  
OTHER WORLDS! AND  
NOW THANKS TO THE  
NECRONIMICON I  
HAVE THE MEANS TO  
RETURN AS WELL!  
THINK OF THE POS-  
SIBILITIES!

OUT THERE IS AN INFINITE UNIVERSE-WITH  
AN INFINITE NUMBER OF STARS, AND PLANETS-  
THIS WE KNOW. BUT NONE HAVE SUFFICIENTLY  
REALIZED WHAT THIS MEANS:

AN INFINITY OF POSSIBILITIES! EVERY  
DREAM-WORLD, EVERY FICTIONALIZED 'EARTH'  
WITHIN PHYSICAL POSSIBILITY MUST EXIST,  
SOMEWHERE IN THIS VAST, INFINITE UNIVERSE!  
IMAGINE! TARZAN, FRODO BAGGINS, JAMES  
BOND, PETER PAN, THOR, MICHAEL SMITH- THEY  
ALL EXIST, SOMEWHERE!!

FLYNN! THIS  
BOOK- HIDEOUT!  
GASP! I THOUGHT-

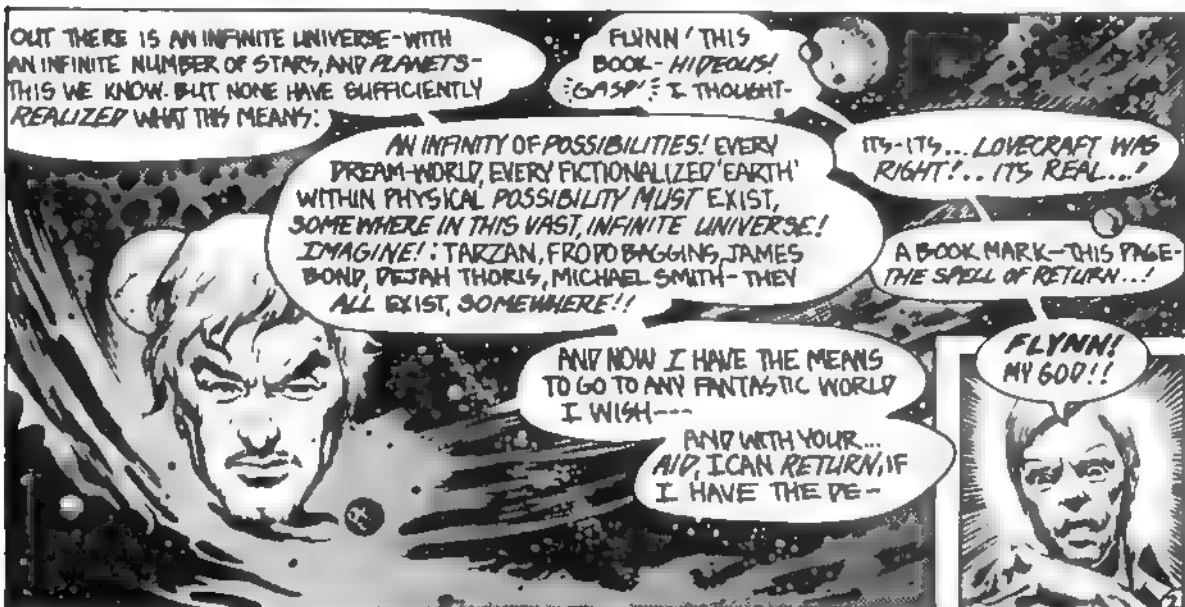
IT'S-IT'S... LOVECRAFT WAS  
RIGHT!... IT'S REAL...

A BOOK MARK- THIS PAGE-  
THE SPELL OF RETURN...

AND NOW I HAVE THE MEANS  
TO GO TO ANY FANTASTIC WORLD  
I WISH---

AND WITH YOUR...  
AID, I CAN RETURN, IF  
I HAVE THE PE--

FLYNN!  
MY GOD!!



TH-THIS SPELL.../...C-CALLS F-FOR...GASP...THE DEATH OF-A-AN OLD FRIEND.../LHH!

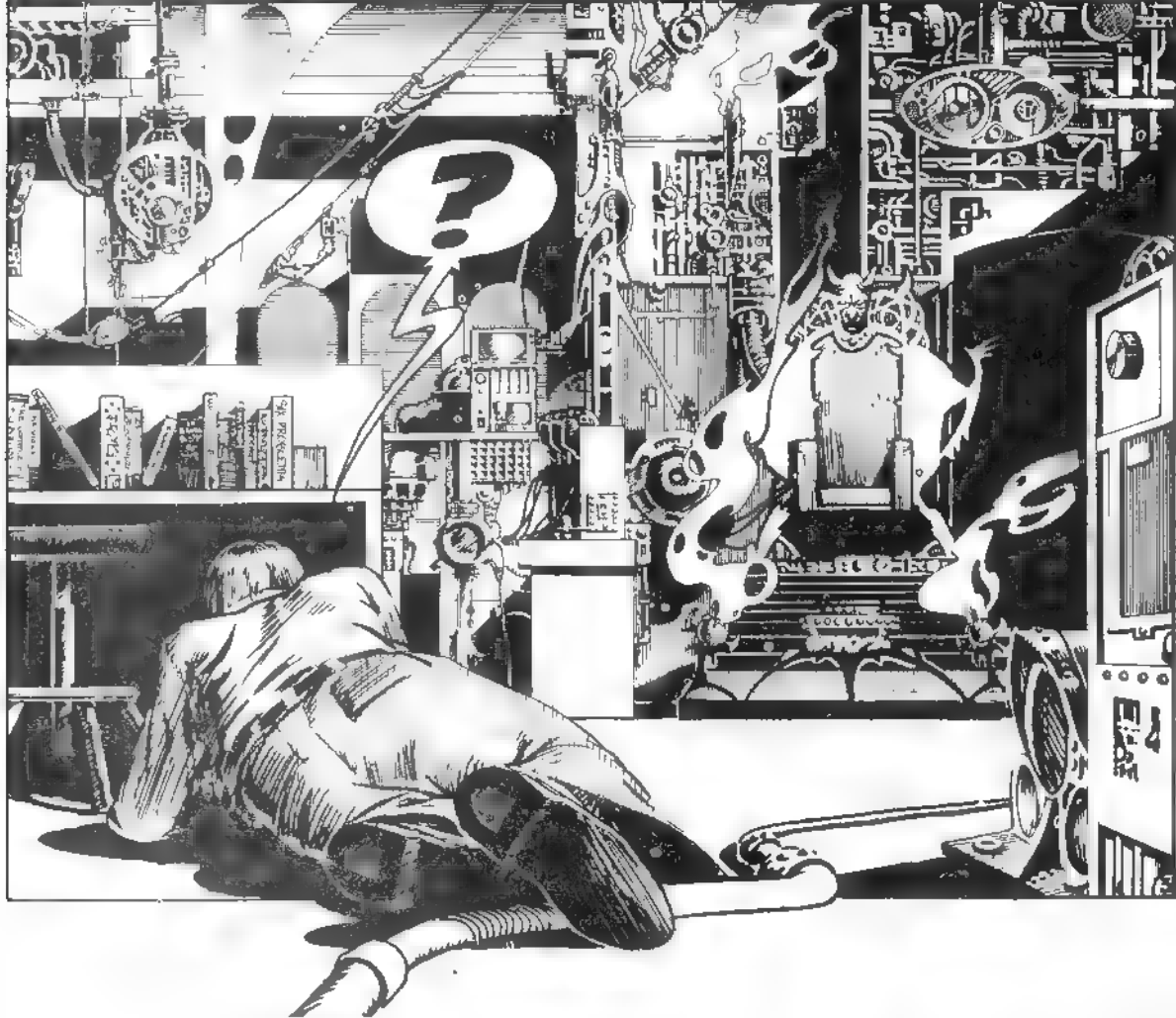


THE WINE HAD BEEN DRUGGED BY FLYNN BEFORE I ARRIVED. THE LAST THING I SAW BEFORE BLACKING OUT WAS HIS FACE...LEERING AT ME FROM ABOVE...!

MY, MY! WHAT A PITY...

...SEEMS MY COLLEAGUE HAS HAD A FEW TOO MANY!...

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS DUMFOUNDED BY THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES...





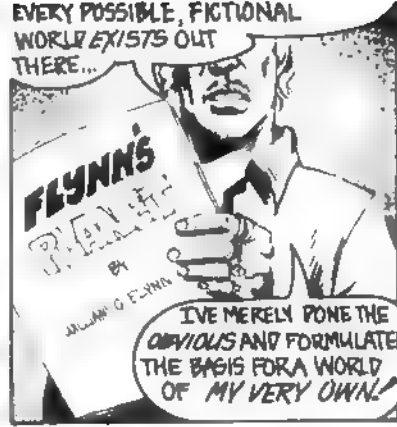
AM SO YOU'RE AWAKE, NOW, EH? JUST IN TIME...



EVERYTHING'S READY FOR MY DEPARTURE!

WHERE?

WHY, WHERE ELSE, YOU FOOL? I HAVE ALL INFINITY TO CHOOSE FROM!



EVERY POSSIBLE, FICTIONAL WORLD EXISTS OUT THERE...

I'VE MERELY PONE THE OBVIOUS AND FORMULATED THE BASIS FOR A WORLD OF MY VERY OWN!



...A WORLD WHERE I REIGN SUPREME! -WHERE EVERY BEING BOWS TO MY WILL!

HA HA HA IT CRINGE, VA GEEKS?

NO ONE WILL TITTER AND GIGGLE BEHIND MY BACK AGAIN! I WILL RULE ABOVE THEM ALL AS THEIR GOD-KING!!

AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! I WILL AMASS ARMIES TOGETHER, AND WITH YOUR LIFE, THE DOORWAY SHALL REMAIN... TO BE REOPENED AT MY WILL... SO THAT I MAY RETURN TO EARTH AS CONQUEROR OF TWO WORLDS!! I-



MAN, YOU HAVE TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES!! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD! YOU'RE CRAZY!! YOU-



NOO! I AM NOT INSANE!

HNH!

NO NO NO!

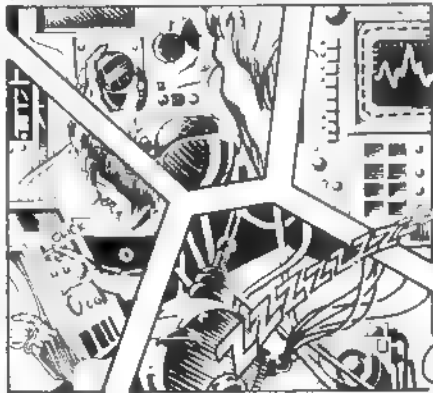
POW POW POW!



WOULDN'T HAD TO DIE ANYWAY!  
NOW, TIME TO GO!



LEAVING ME FOR DEAD, FLYNN RUSHED  
HERE AND THERE IN THE LAB, THROWING  
SWITCHES AND TURNING DIALS, UNTIL  
THE LAB WAS A SIZZLING VORTEX OF  
BARELY CONTROLLABLE ENERGY!!



FLYNN SAT IN A SEAT  
OF POWER AT THE  
CENTER OF IT ALL  
AND CALLED OUT

SH'ALUGAR! DOMNIT  
MONABT SKELA LIGA!



SKELA L'GAPH  
TCHAK! I'COL NA  
SH'ALUGAR ADABI!!

THEN...  
WHO CALLS?



SH'ALUGAR! I CALL YOU  
TO SEND ME TO THE WORLD  
DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK I  
HOLD!! OH GREAT ONE...



I OFFER YOU THIS  
DEATH TO COMPLETE THE  
SPELL—THAT I MAY RETURN  
TO EARTH WHEN I WISH!!  
O GREAT ONE—SEND ME  
FORTH—NOW!!

VERY WELL... YOU  
SHALL GO...



...BUT NOT RETURN!  
THE SPELL IS INCOM-  
PLETE! THE VICTIM IS NOT  
DEAD!!

WHA—

I HAD MANAGED TO STRUG-  
GLE TO MY SHAKING FEET!!



YOU ONLY HIT  
ME IN THE—THE  
SHOULDER...

I MUST BE ABLE TO COME  
BACK—TO CONQUER... NOW—  
WHY I... I'LL KILL YOU  
WITH MY TWO HANDS!



STAY THYSELF!  
THE TIME OF LEAVING  
IS AT HAND!

FLYNN RUSHED TO  
GET OUT OF THE  
POWER CENTER

NO! WAIT! I'LL  
FINISH HIM OFF! I—



I HAD TO STOP HIM! I  
PICKED UP THE NEAREST  
THING AROUND... A  
LARGE, HEAVY BOOK—!



THIS CHANGES ALL MY  
PLANS...! DAMN YOU—  
DIE!





I THREW THE BOOK WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH LEFT IN MY GOOD ARM... FLYNN CAUGHT IT BUT HE WAS OFF-BALANCED AND PROPPED TO THE FLOOR!



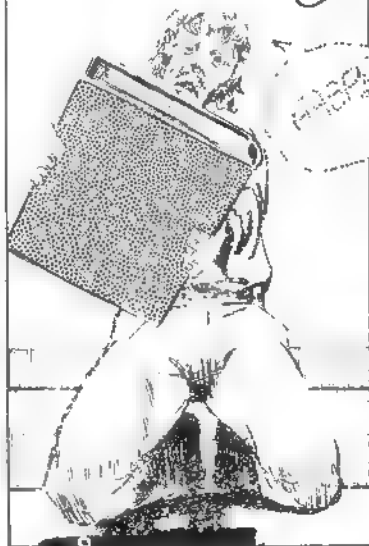
HE STARTED TO GET UP, BUT REALIZED IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE!

THE WORDS HAVE BEEN SPOKEN!



THE SPELL CAN'T BE BROKEN

THE BOOK YOU HOLD SHALL BE YOUR WORLD!!



MY TASK IS DONE!  
I RETURN!



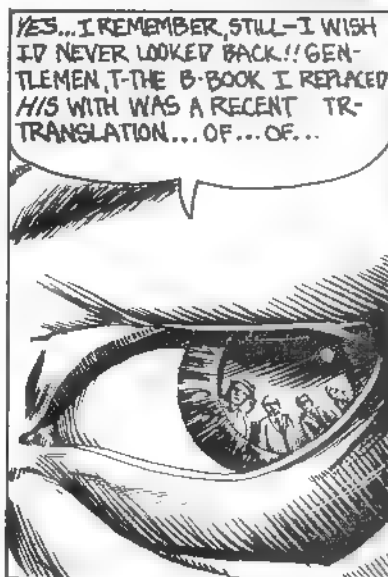
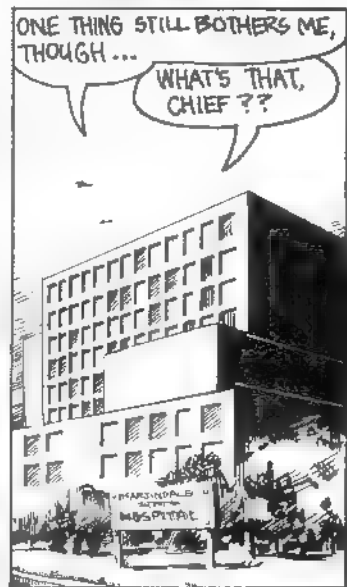
ONLY THEN DID I NOTICE THE FLAMES GROWING AROUND ME, SOMEHOW A FIRE HAD STARTED! I TURNED TO ESCAPE BUT SOMETHING MADE ME LOOK BACK AT THE BOOK FLYNN DROPPED...



OHMIGOD... FLYNN!  
WHAT HAVE I D- UHH!



I'M AFRAID IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH FOR MY MIND TO HANDLE... I FAINTED! ©







BE CALM, FAIR  
ONE. HEADLESS  
DOGS BITE NOT  
... NOR NAUGHT  
ELSE!

WHO  
BE YE?

I AM THETIA,  
ON A JOURNEY  
TO A DESTINY  
BEYOND YOUR  
COMPREHENSION.  
YOU'VE SAVED ME  
FROM A FATE  
WORSE THAN  
DEATH.

**HA! NOT SO**  
TIS A FATE DUE ALL FAIR MAIDS,  
THOUGH IT MAY COME WITH  
FAR GREATER PLEASURE... AS  
I SHALL SOON SHOW YOU!

NO! WARRIOR  
**NO!** IT MUST  
NOT BE!

MY MAIDENHEAD  
MUST REMAIN HERE  
I COMPLETE MY  
JOURNEY... YET.

YET I FIND YOU  
STRONG... HANDSOME  
I'LL GIVE YOU LOVE,  
BUT IN A DIFFERENT  
WAY... A BETTER  
WAY...



**R**USHING HER MOLLITIOUS BREASTS AGAINST ULL'S BRAWNY BULK, THETIA KISSES HIM WITH UNRESTRAINED PASSION. A MOMENT LATER, HER LIPS LEAVE HIS, GLIDING ROUND HIS BULL NECK, HIS ARCHING CHEST, THE HARD RIDGES OF HIS FLAT BELLY, LEAVING A WET TRAIL LEADING DOWNWARD, EVER DOWNWARD. HER FINGERS FUMBLE FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN, ULL'S BEARSKIN DROPS AWAY AND HIS PROUDLY ERECT VIRILITY SPRINGS FORTH. THETIA GRIPS HIS SHAFT WITH BOTH HANDS AND LEANS OVER ULL'S FLAT BELLY. HER TONGUE FLICKS OUT, TEASING THE TURGID FLESH, UNTIL, WITH A GROWL ULL FORCES HER HEAD DOWNWARD. THETIA'S WARM MOUTH OPENS WIDE AND SHE CAPTURES HIM.

**A** FEW SECONDS PASS AND THETIA'S LIPS WRITHE AROUND THE HEAD OF THE MONSTER SHAFT. ULL GROANS WITH PLEASURE AS HIS THROBBING HARDNESS IS ENGULFED IN SWEET, LIQUID HEAT. THETIA'S HANDS GRIP HIS THIGHS, THEN LEAVE, TO GENTLY FONDLE HIS HEAVY GLOBES. HER LUBRICIOUS MOUTH SLIDES FASTER AND FASTER UP AND DOWN THE ROCK-HARD MANHOOD OF ULL. HIS MIGHTY FRAME SPASMS IN ECSTATIC PLEASURE. SWEAT GLISTENS ON HIS POWERFUL BODY. HIS MUSCLES TENSE. HIS BUTTOCKS RAISE UP, FORCING HIS SHAFT DEEPLY DOWN THETIA'S THROAT AND WITH A HOWL, HE ERUPTS. THETIA'S MOUTH IS FILLED WITH THE HEAVY NECTAR AND SHE CAN ONLY GURGLE.

"ULL"  
"ULL"  
"ULL"  
"ULL"  
"ULL"



ATER, ULL INSISTS THAT HE ACCOMPANY THE STRANGE GIRL TO HER DESTINATION. RELUCTANTLY THETIA AGREES. SOON THEY ARRIVE BEFORE AN ANCIENT, LUGUBRIOUS CASTLE. ULL IS FILLED WITH FOREBODING



**DEATH**  
DEATH TO-TO ME?

A GESTURE...  
AND ULL SPIRALS IN COLDNESS



ARMTH RETURNS TO ULL'S BODY HE STIRS— ONLY TO DISCOVER HIMSELF FETTERED TO A STONE WALL BEFORE HIM LOOMS A SINISTER, ROBED FIGURE WITH A BRUTISH HENCHMAN THETIA IS GARBED AS IS A BRIDE, HER SOMNAMBULANT STATE HINTS AT DRUGS. SHE RESISTS NOT AS SHE IS STRETCHED UPON A WEIRD ALTAR, THE BLACK ROBE BEGINS TO CHANT

SO, YOU STIR, MORTAL! GOOD! YOU SHALL BE WITNESS TO THE CEREMONY



PUGNALATA LA PERDITA!

DOG! YOU'D SLAY WOMEN? SEE HOW YOU FARE 'GAINST ULL!

THETIA OFFERS NO RESISTENCE TO THE BLADE PLACED IN THE CONCAVITY OF HER RIB ARCH. THANATOS CEASES TO CHANT—AND THE BRUTE SINKS THE SWORD INTO THETIA'S WRITHING BODY! SHE SCREAMS AND ARCHES HER BODY, EMBRACING THE THRUSTING STEEL AS IF IT IS A PHALLUS AND SHE SMITTEN WITH A WANTON LUST FOR DEATH! CLEARLY BERSERK, ULL SNAPS HIS CHAINS, ROARING, HIS MOUTH AFOAM HE LEAPS FOR THE SLAYERS OF THETIA



THANATOS HAS NO TIME FOR YOU, BARBARIAN!

BUT—I'VE TIME FOR YOU!

TIME TO SLAY YOU, BLACKROBED BASTARD!





THANATOS FLEES!  
HE LEAVES HIS  
MINIONS TO DEAL  
WITH ME!



**F**OR OVER AN HOUR, ULL  
REAPS HAVOC AMONGST  
THE DAEMONIC FORCES.  
BUT ALL HUMANS HAVE LIMITS  
OF ENDURANCE... AND EVEN SO  
MIGHTY A WARRIOR AS ULL  
IS STILL ONLY HUMAN.

**HOLD!**  
TOUCH NOT THIS  
MORTAL! YOUR  
NEW QUEEN  
COMMANDS YOU!



I CAN FIGHT NO  
MORE... THE WALKYRIE  
WILL COME FOR  
ME... BUT THESE  
DEVILS WILL LONG  
REMEMBER ME!



**THETIA!**  
BUT... BUT THIS  
CANNOT BE!  
I SAW THEE  
SLAIN!



SO I WAS!  
FOOLISH MORTAL.  
I HAD TO SAVE  
MY MAIDENHEAD  
FOR MY MATE...  
FOR **THANATOS!**  
I HAD TO DIE, I  
WANTED TO DIE SO  
I COULD BE WED  
TO **THANATOS**  
AND BECOME HIS  
QUEEN, BECOME  
AN IMMORTAL  
GODDESS!



GO NOW AND  
LIVE. PERHAPS  
THERE SHALL BE  
ANOTHER TIME  
FOR US... NOW  
MY MAIDENHEAD  
IS GONE!



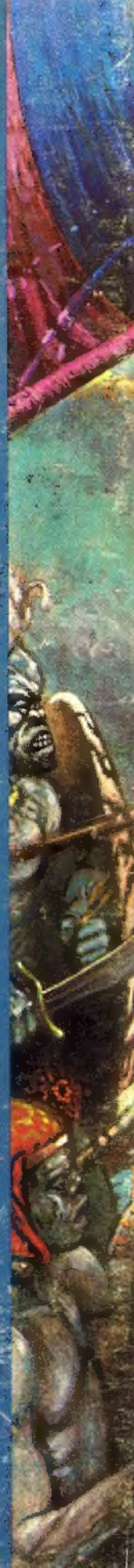
CAPTAIN ULL—THE  
TOWN'S SACKED, ITS  
MEN SLAIN AND ITS  
MAIDS WELL RAPED!  
DO WE SAIL?

AWE! THE  
CLEAN SEA  
WILL WASH  
AWAY THIS  
REEK OF SOCRERY.  
**WE  
SAIL!**

**The San Jose Mailmen's  
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Doug Stuart & Rudy Cabigas





**Sir Real's**

**UNDERGROUND  
COMIX CLASSIX**

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**17 - Inn of the Wolf**

**25 - To Steal A Goddess**

**36 - Back To The Mast**

**39 - An Autumn Evening, Satyr's Night**

**68 - Wrong Exit**

**65 - The Troth Of Thanatos**

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## **Comments:**

**N/A**